



SONG · OF · THE · BROOK

BY

ALFRED · TENNYSON



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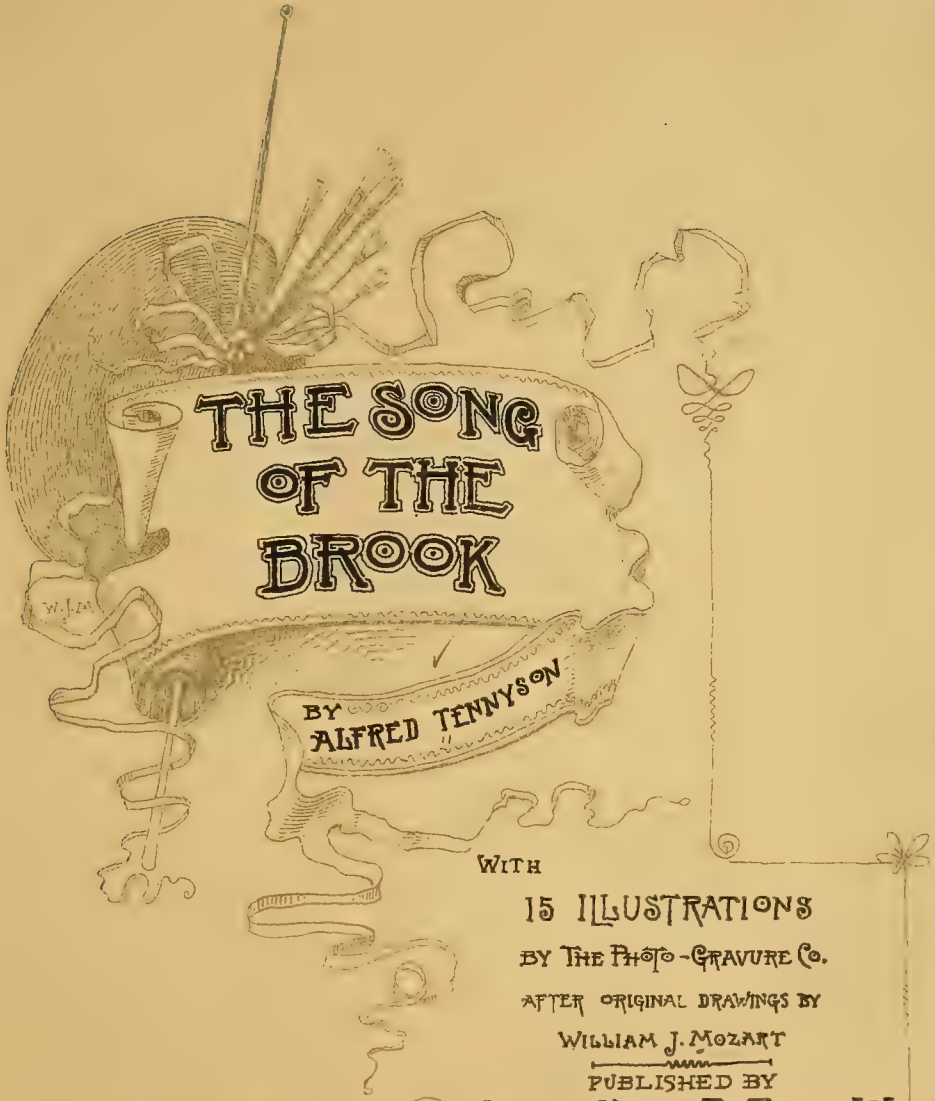
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



The Song
of the
Brook.



Alfred Tennyson.



THE SONG
OF THE
BROOK

BY
ALFRED TENNYSON

WITH

15 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THE PHOTO-GRAVURE CO.

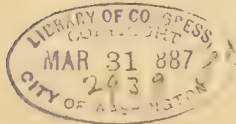
AFTER ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY

WILLIAM J. MOZART

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1886



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ILLUSTRATIONS

1. FRONTISPIECE ©

2. "I come from haunts of coot and fern"
3. "By thirty hills"
4. "Till last by Philip's farm I flow"
5. "I chatter over stony ways"
6. "With many a curve"
7. "As I flow"
8. "I wind about and in and out"
9. "Above the golden gravel"
10. "For men may come and men may go"
11. "I steal by lawns etc."
12. "Against my sandy shallows"
13. "I murmur under moon and stars"
14. "To join the brimming river"
15. TAIL PIECE, "But I go on forever."

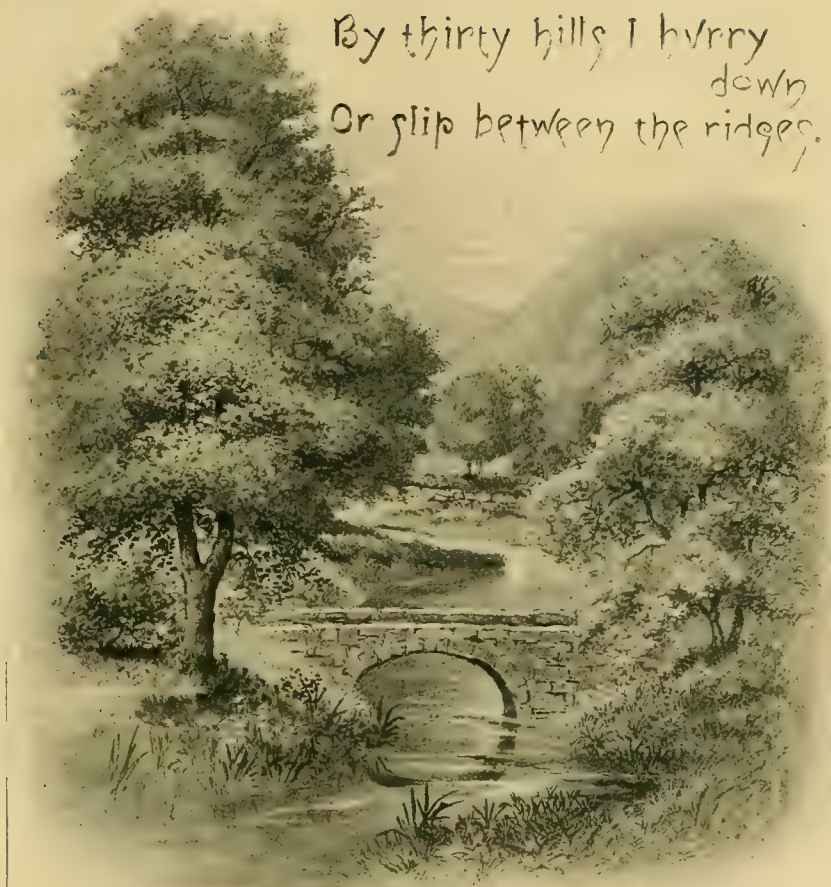


I come from havvts of root
and herb,
I make a sudden gally

W.J. MOZART - 85.

And sparkle out among the
fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry
down
Or slip between the ridges.



By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

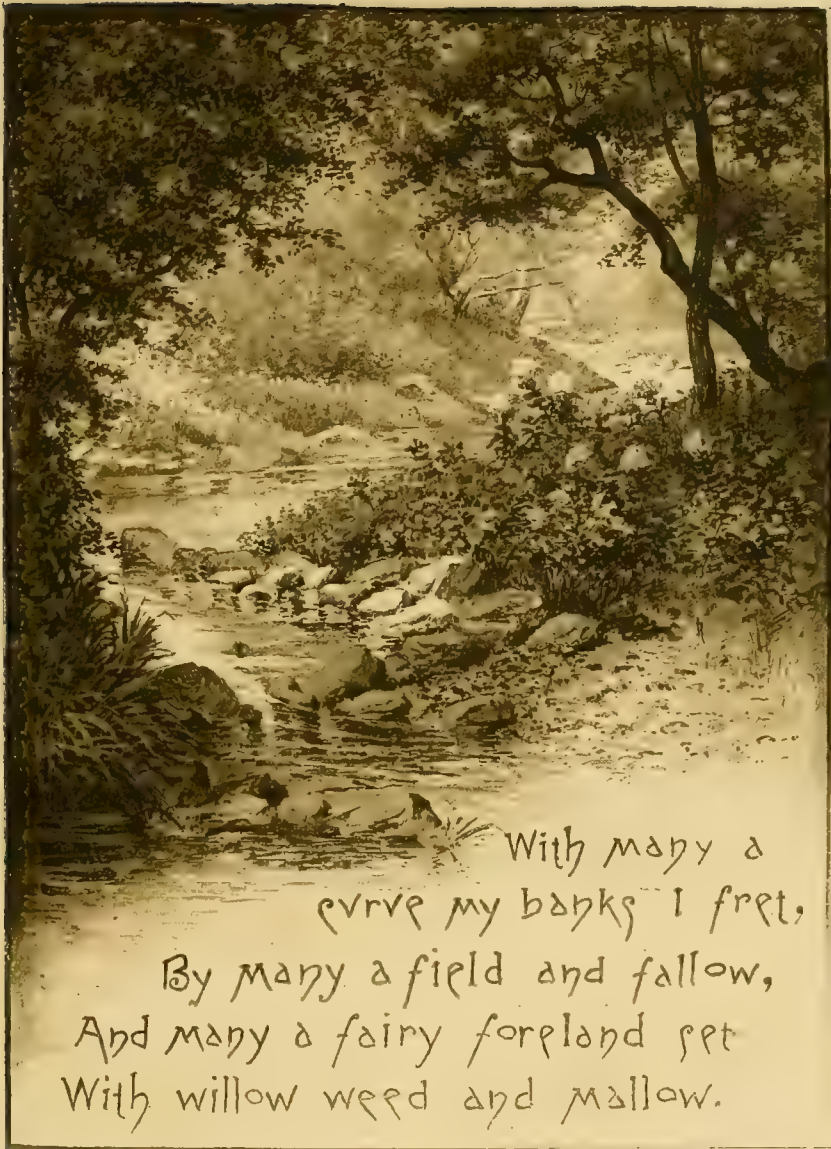


Till last
By Phillip's farm I flow--
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

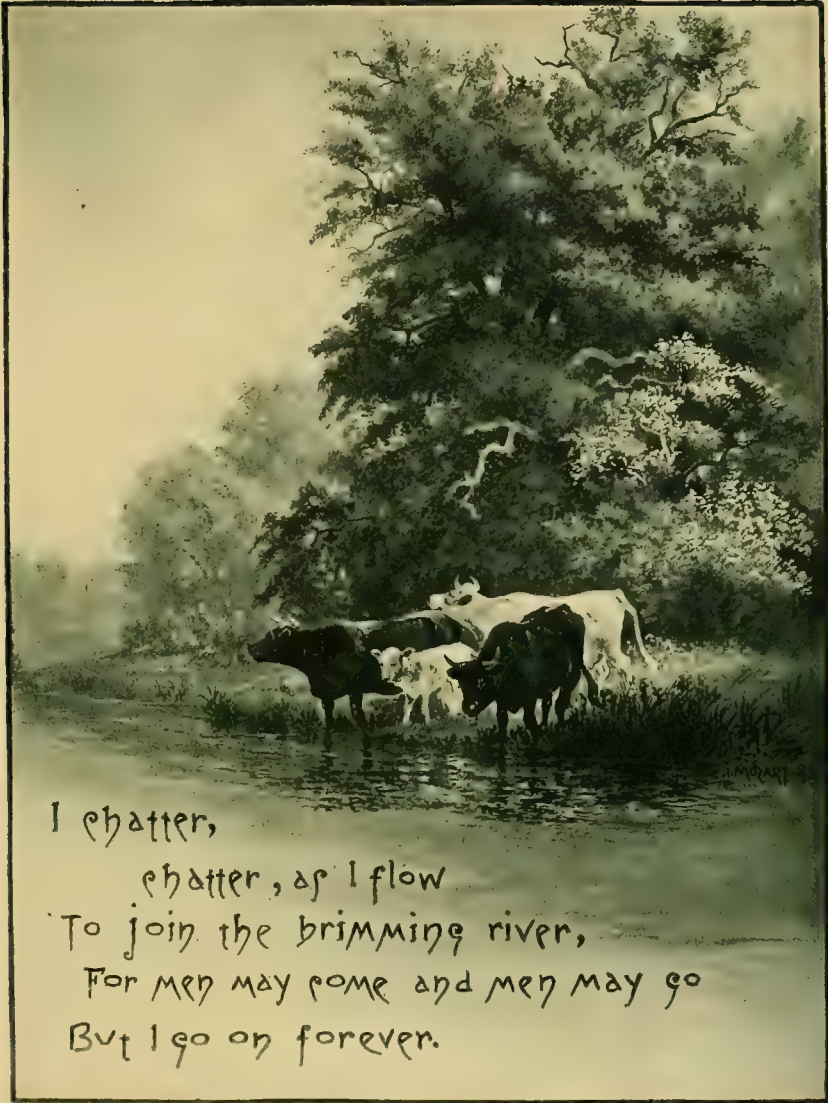
PHILIP'S FARM, N.Y.



I chatter
over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.



With many a
curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.



I chatter,
chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on forever.

I wind about and in and out,

with

here a blossom.

sailing,



And
here and
there a lusty
trout,

And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me,
as I travel



With many a silvery
water break
Above the
golden gravel.

And draw them all
along, and flow
To join the brimming
river,
For men may come and
men may go,
But I go on for
ever.



I steal by lawns and grassy plots

I glide by hazel covers;

I move
the
sweet
forget-
me-
nots

That grow
for
happy
lovers.



I skip, I slide, I loam,
I lance
Among my
skimming
swallows



I make the netted
sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows

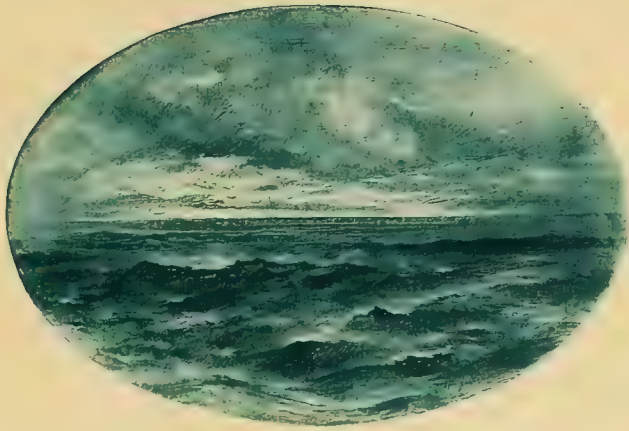


I murmur
under moon
and stars
In brambly
wildernesses;
I linger by my
shingly bars;
I loiter round
my
cresses



And out again
I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.









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